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## THE FAIREST LAND.

"Tell me, gentle traveler, thou
Who hast wandered far and wide—
Seen the sweetest roses blow,
And the brightest rivers glide;
Say, of all thine eyes have seen,
Which the fairest land has been?"

"Lady, shall I tell thee where
Nature seems most blest and fair,
Far above all climes beside?
'Tis where those we love abide.
And that little spot is best
Which the loved one's foot hath pressed,
Though it be a fairy space,
Wide and spreading is the place:
Though 'twere but a barren mound,
'Twould become enchanted ground;
With thee, yon sandy waste would seem
The margin of Arawthar's stream:
And thou canst make a dungeon's gloom
A bower where new-born roses bloom."
—From the Persian.

### What's in a Name.

Naming a baby is, in my opinion, a more important matter than we really make of it. The poor little helpless thing has no voice or choice in the matter, but must take whatever we see fit to give him. Just think, too, a name is something that lasts through life and will be forever on our tongues and dinned in our ears. Surely we ought to give thought and care to its selection. Of course what is musical to the ears of one might not be to another, but a little discrimination and common sense will show to as good advantage in the selection of a name as in any other place you could possibly use it.

Often a name really becomes pleasant to us by reason of the affection and respect we bear towards the one to whom it belongs; but it will hardly follow that if we call a child any name it will grow sweet with us. I know a man, says a writer in the Philadelphia Times, who carried the name Collingsoffer through life, and that with dignity; but I used to look at him and think what a hard time he must have had when a boy, and I divided my pity between him and another poor fellow whose name was Jehosaphat. Two names are better than one, that is more musical, if they are well put together, and if they look well when written in full. This is especially true for one in public life, or if the surname is a very common one. Give your son a name that you would like to see written in full if he becomes a noted divine or senator.

Above all things, don't give a poor little helpless baby a name that will be a mortification and perhaps an almost insufferable burden to him all his life, for the sake of naming him for his grandfather, or some kind, well-meaning uncle, who agrees to buy a suit of clothes for him in return for the "honor." Honor to whom, pray? What respect would it show to the departed or elder members of the family to give their names to your baby? It surely does not foster respect in the mind of the child.

Instead of handing a name down in a family from father to son, one of a name in a family is enough. Who has not heard "Big Joe" and "Little Joe," "Old Dave Harker" and "Young Dave Harker?" If you feel a great and perhaps a pardonable pride in the parent's or grandparent's name, remember that the children of noted men seldom are as great as their fathers. Sometimes, indeed, they are quite the reverse, and in that case you not only do not add to the son's capabilities or character, but may bring reproach to the honored name. Even should he excel, let him have the credit of doing so on his merits, not because of his father's name. Then, too, how awkward in business or letter writing to always be adding the Sr. or Jr. to distinguish them.

I lost a sister, years ago, whose name was pretty and would bear repeating, but mother would never allow the name to be given to another in the family. To mother the name is as much a part of sister as her face was and to hear it used for another would destroy its individuality and seem almost like sacrilege.

Another point in choosing a name to get one that cannot be nicknamed, or, at least, one that will nickname well; not like the colored woman who named her boy Sapolio and called him Sap for short and her girl Cynthia and called her Sin. For a second name nothing can be nicer than for one child in the family to bear his mother's maiden name, provided it is a "comfortable" one. A name can be given for a second name that you think very pretty, but which is too long or hard to speak for common use. If you give a name that ends in a, by all means pronounce it properly. Don't call Alva Alvy, nor Julia Julie.

If the surname is a very common one, like Smith, Jones, or Brown, select some name that is not likely to be duplicated. In this case, too, names may be given with an unusual combination of initials. They impart more individuality in later years. But don't go to the other extreme. Don't give a name so fantastic or romantic as to emphasize by force of contrast the prosaic common surname. Fantastic names are all very well on the program of a comic opera, but they are rather undignified in real life. This is not a theatrical world, and one does not want to be saddled for life with a stage name.

### Brave Hannah Snell.

There have been many women warriors in the world, but it must be admitted that there have been very few whose deeds were such as to claim the admiration of the country for any great length of time. In the annals of women's warfare there are generally stories of overzealousness, leading to fanaticism and subsequent punishment and disgrace.

Seldom, indeed, has a woman warrior been gratefully recognized by the government of her country. Within the memory of our grandparents there lived in England a woman named Hannah Snell, who, when but a girl, took the strange resolution of enlisting as a soldier. She served as a marine on one of the vessels of a fleet bound for the West Indies, and showed so much courage that she was repeatedly promoted. Her sex was unknown, and therefore it could never be claimed that Hannah Snell's success was due to partiality or favoritism.

Once, when dangerously wounded, she extracted the ball herself, fearing that she might be discovered and discharged. After long service she returned to her native home at Worcester, England, where her adventures soon became spread abroad. The government, on investigation of her really great career, granted her a pension of £20. She died full of years and laden with honors at an inn near Wapping.

### Entertaining a La Mode.

A great modification has been inaugurated this season in the mode of dinner-giving, and the fashion of serving dinners at small tables laid for eight or ten has been almost universally adopted in the grand monde of Paris. This arrangement has been hitherto only in use at ball suppers, but now these late suppers are rather out of date, and the festivities begin with a dinner instead of ending with a feast. The dinner is much the same as for a ball supper, the chief difference being that at the suppers the guests placed themselves where they liked, while at the dinners the places are assigned by the mistress of the house.

The tables are all decorated with different flowers, and each gentleman receives on his arrival an envelope containing the name of the lady he is to take in to dinner and the flowers to be found at the table intended for him. Handsome dishes of old silver or modern ones in imitation, baskets of silvered wire, shells of China or simple vases of glass the color of the flowers, are used as receptacles for the pretty flowers, and pretty trays of delicate china or lace-like silver are filled with bon bons and candied fruits. The menus are made very small, in the shape of a pocket-book, in pale shades of pink, blue or green, and ornamented with gilded initials or the crest of the family. White damask linen is used for these grand affairs, the milinery mode of table decoration being reserved to country houses and simpler feasts.

### The Popular Girl.

The really popular girl always knows a lot. She knows enough not to gossip about people who have done her favors and who are in a way of doing her favors. She knows enough to dress appropriately at all times and never to be overdressed. She knows enough not to wear diamonds, discuss religion or politics, boast about her ancient lineage or tell long-winded tales. She knows enough to keep silence and she knows how to talk well.

She knows how to dance, swim, row sail a boat, play the piano and banjo sing negro melodies and college songs. She knows enough not to "give away" all the funny confidences the boys give her when in the blues or feeling particularly good, and she knows how to cook when they are stranded on an island, becalmed and without oars or a stick with which to pole home. She knows just how to catch a fish and then to cook it, and she knows enough not to growl and whine and complain until they are safely home.

### How Old Are You?

The physical beauty of women should last until they are past fifty. Nor does beauty reach its zenith under the age of thirty-five or forty. Helen of Troy, comes upon the stage at the age of forty. Aspasia was thirty-six when married to Pericles, and she was a brilliant figure thirty years thereafter. Cleopatra was past thirty when she met Antony. Diane de Poictiers was thirty-six when she won the heart of Henry II. The king was half her age, but his devotion never changed. Anne of Austria, was thirty-eight when described as the most beautiful woman in Europe. Mme. de Maintenon was forty-three when united to Louis and Catherine of Russia, thirty-three when she seized the throne she occupied for thirty-five years. Mlle. Mar was most beautiful at forty-five, and Mme. Recamier between the ages of thirty-five and fifty-five.

### The Pudding of Long Ago.

Four large tart apples, half of a nutmeg, grated; four ounces of stale bread crumbs, half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, four eggs. Pare and chop the apples very fine; mix them with the bread crumbs. Beat the eggs separately until very light, then add the yelks to the crumbs, stir in the whites carefully, and the salt cinnamon and nutmeg; mix carefully and boil in a greased mold three hours. Serve hot, with foamy sauce. Good.

### Unique and Beautiful.

The Empress Frederick of Germany possesses a unique tea service. The tea tray has been beaten out of an old Prussian half-penny. The teapot is made out of a German farthing, and the tiny cups are made from coins of different German principalities.

## WOMAN AND HOME.

### FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS ARE NOW DEFINED.

**Black and White Colors in High Favor —The Loie Fuller—Gowns for Travel —A Dainty Evening Gown—Notes of the Modes.**

### Admirable Traveling Gown.

Are you planning to come? If you are, you will need a new traveling dress. The gown which went to the seashore or the mountains during the summer will be in no condition to take another journey. A sensible costume for this purpose is made of fine cheviot, with a mottled effect in brown, tan and green.

A NEW TRAVELING COSTUME

The full, plain skirt fastens at the side with big bone buttons. This obviates the danger of its gaping at the back and bringing the petticoat into undue prominence. The double-breasted jacket is three-quarter length and made with a loose front. Dark green velvet forms the turn-down collar, pointed reveres and gauntlet cuffs. Bone buttons decorate the front of the jacket, and the coat sleeve is made full and comfortable.

With the suit a walking hat should be worn in mottled colors the same as the dress. It may be trimmed with rosetts of ribbons and quills or a bunch of black tips.

### The Loie Fuller.

The fashions for the autumn and winter of 1893-94 are already clearly defined in the minds of modistes and mantua-makers. Paris has sent forth the edict, and though the common herd may not be aware of it styles are determined and materials cut for the gowns that will be worn months from now.

The "Congress of Colors" has fixed the new-coming shades; and first on the list is Loie Fuller—pale, watery blue, which cannot refer to the young American's mental condition, but probably immortalizes one of her gauzy gowns.

Eveque is a new shade and is, naturally, since it is French for bishop, a royal purple. Argent, nickel and platine are three shades of silver grays, from light to medium. Ophelia is a light lilac and tobac is a "Colorado cigar brown.

We are to have plenty of yellow, in tints ranging from an ivory white to a deep toreador orange, and a gamut of pink from a pale shade, "such as the expressed juice of a half-ripe blackberry would make," through gradually darkening hues to a deep reddish plum color.

This winter will, in all probability, last long in the memory as the magpie season, as black and white will be the fashionable combination, as well as the tone most affected singly by women who understand the art of dressing. The reaction from the gaudy costumes of the past year is one that will be welcomed by all those who appreciate good taste and who have longed for something new to take the fancy of the fashionable dame whose rainbow get-up has never from the first been artistic.

### Women Spectators in Parliament.

English women are commenting at present on the different arrangements made for them in the house of lords and the house of commons. In the latter they are penned into a ridiculous cage, like so many birds in an aviary. In the former, the peeresses' gallery is as commodious and as free from irritating restrictions as any other part to which visitors are admitted. The ladies wish to know whether their presence is more embarrassing to lawmakers who are elected than to those who are hereditary. 'Or," they say, "is the matter arranged on the insufferably snobbish theory that peeresses are superior beings, not subject to the restrictions imposed on untitled ladies?"

THE LOIE FULLER.

### Evening Gowns.

Evening gowns for very young ladies have been lavishly trimmed with ribbons this summer.

Here is a fetching little gown on which the ribbon is arranged in an absolutely new fashion. Glace silk, showing tints of blue and soft pink, covered with a silver sheen, is the material used for the bell-shaped skirt. White chiffon, flecked with silver, is arranged in fluffy ruffles around the bottom of the skirt, and headed with a latticework of pale pink and blue ribbons, studded here and there with big silver nail-heads. The baby waist of silk is trimmed so much that more than half its simplicity has vanished, yet it is the prettiest, most Frenchy little affair imaginable. Two soft ruffles of chiffon outline the low neck. Below them ribbons are crossed which fasten in the back in a butterfly bow.

These ribbons also form shoulder-straps, and one narrow band encircles the waist. Three airy tiers of chiffon simulate a sleeve. They fall a short distance over the arm and are joined by long pale-pink suede gloves. The whole costume is a study in soft tints, and should make a charming picture of any fairly attractive summer girl.

DAINTY EVENING GOWN.

### Woman Writers Live Long.

The longevity of literary men and woman is above the average. Amelia Opie, Miss Edgeworth, Caroline Herschel, Mary Somerville, Maria Mitchell, George Eliot, George Sand, Harriet Martineau, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Frances Power Cobbe, Charlotte Cushman, Fanny Kemble, Mrs. Emma Willard, Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and many other noted writers and thinkers have lived and worked far up into the sixties, seventies and eighties.

Evening toilets have as a novelty cuffs of various gauzy stuffs in delicately shaded tints, which are wound, serpentine fashion, once or twice around the skirt, the ends finished with bows. The new evening corsage buttons or laces behind, and lace of every kind and pattern is the favorite ornamentation.


## MAIZE IN NORWAY.

By an inn of wildest Norway,
A dark flord below,
And the peaks of Norska Feld above,
In a waste of gleaming snow:
And, between the somber fir trees,
The mead where the kine feed free,
And a mountain torrent leaping down,
To be lost in the maelstrom sea:
There, in a narrow garden,
One breezy August morn,
I saw, beside its hardy flowers,
A cluster of Indian corn.

And I said to blue-eyed Lena,
With braided flaxen hair,
The child of the inn who had brought me forth
To see her small parterre:
"Your land lies far to the frozen north,
And a day your summer spans:
Why do you plant the tropic maize
When frost the harvest bans?
Barley and oats and rye you may reap
Ere yet the snows fall cold,
But the stately maize, the grain of the sun,
Will never yield its gold."
"'Tis true," the maiden answered,
"That frost our harvest bans
But we plant the beautiful waiving maize
To please the Americans.
They smile when they see its shining leaves,
And say on their boundless plains
It grows like a forest, rich and tall,
In the warmth and the mellow rains:
And the bins are filled with its blessed gold
Before the bright year wanes."

"Oh, child," I said, "you have planted well!"
And I thought that August morn
As I looked at peak and stream and tree,
The dark flord and the grassy lea,
There was nought so fair on shore or sea
As that cluster of waving corn.
—Youth's Companion.

### A Pet Orang-Outang.

Borneo is the home of the orang-outang, which, leaving out the genus man, occupies the third place from the highest in the animal kingdom. The gorilla has the highest place, the chimpanzee comes next in order, then the orang. The males are as fond of fighting as are human roughs, and, like them, bite off each other's fingers and lips.

They all show, in a human-like way, the emotions of pain, rage, satisfaction and affection. Baby orangs range, as human infants do, from good to bad. Some, when they are good, are "very good, indeed," and others, when they are bad, "are horrid." Mr. Hornaby, the naturalist, took a baby orang from its dead mother, shot in the cause of science, which had the temper of a tiger.

An orang's instinct is to seize and bring an offending hand to its mouth, that it may bite the member. This baby orang, though only six months old, made so many attempts to put the naturalist's hands up to its mouth that he was obliged to tie its elbows together behind its back.

Even then, when he was not watching it, the orang rolled over and seized the calf of his leg betwhen his teeth. But for the hunting trousers and woolen stockings, the naturalist would have lost a piece of his leg. At last it relieved the naturalist by dying. A baby orang of more gentle disposition was brought to Mr. Hornaby with its hands and feet bound.

When he approached it, instead of attempting to bite, it whined softly and rolled up its big brown eyes so appealingly that the naturalist cut its bands and placed it on a pile of soft straw. It soon became a pet and was named "Old Man," on account of its bald head and an air of profound gravity. It was fond of being held in the naturalist's arms, and when he grew tired it would grasp the folds of his flannel shirt and hold itself, thus showing its physical superiority to helpless human infants.

It would lie on Mr. Hornaby's lap while he was writing, reading or eating, and amuse itself by catching hold of his penholder or book or by tugging at the table-cloth. Its favorite food was bananas and sugar, but it learned to relish rice, cooked meat, canned fruit and bread, and to drink tea and coffee, milk and chocolate. Beer, wine or spirits it would not touch.

The baby did its best to amuse its master. Drawing his hand to its mouth and making a pretence of biting and making wry faces were its favorite tricks. If the naturalist sat down to a meal and began to eat without feeding the baby, it would whine, scream, throw itself on the floor on its back and kick like a spoiled child.

Its happiness was complete when its master permitted the baby to sleep with him. It would lie sprawling upon Mr. Hornaby's breast, with its head on his shoulder, its face close to his neck, and its arms and legs clasping his body. It could not learn to swim, and, on Mr. Hornaby putting it in the water, sank helplessly, as if it had been an iron bar.

### Howard's Way.

Billy sat beside the well curb with two streams of tears running down his plump cheeks.

"Why, Billy, what is the matter?" said Howard, looking up from the big book that he was studying.

"I've dropped my knife down the well!" sobbed Billy. "And mamma says she can't get me another, 'cause I lost one in the hay mow, and two at school, and one when I was turning somersaults, and one I traded for a whistle that wouldn't whistle—oh, dear!"

"But how did you drop your knife down the well?" asked Howard.

"I was just cutting a big B in the bucket," said Billy, looking a little ashamed.

"Hi! what a boy!" laughed Howard. "But don't cry; I'll bring your knife up for you."

Billy dried his eyes at once and looked on with wonder, while Howard brought a large magnet, a small hand mirror and a long string.

He tied the string to the magnet, and held the mirror over the wall. The glass reflected the sun, and flashed a light down into the well.

"I see the knife!" cried Howard. "Here, Billy, hold the glass while the magnet goes fishing."

Splash! went the magnet into the well, and in a minute up it came again, with the knife hanging fast, just by its blade.

"How smart you were to think of all that!" said Billy, admiringly. "Well, I won't cut any more B's in the water bucket, honestly!"—Youth's Companion.

### "Cockolorum Jinks."

I am going to tell you about a speckled Hamburg rooster that we once had. He had no brothers nor sisters, and so we brought him into the house and fed and petted him. When he grew older he became very handsome, and was the most amusing bird I ever saw. We would dress him up in doll's clothes, and wheel him about in a doll's carriage. He would walk about the house, and was very fond of picking flies off the windows that reached down to the floor. One day I was crying on the stairs, and he hopped up beside me and began chuckling away, as though trying to comfort me, and asking what I was crying for. Another time some ladies came to see mama, and as she was not in the room, "Cockolorum Jinks" (for that was his name) came strutting into the room and sat down on a chair, with his feet stretched out in front of him (the way he always sat on a chair). When mama came into the room, he jumped off the chair, gave a loud crow and strutted out of the room as though he had done his duty. At another time a gentleman came to visit us. When he rang the door-bell, Cockolorum Jinks heard him, and came around the corner of the house, and evidently did not like his appearance, and also knew that he was a stranger. He thought the gentleman should not be there, so he began flying at his feet and biting them, the gentleman striking at him with his umbrella, until mama heard the noise and came to the door, and Cockolorum Jinks, thinking there was no more need of fighting, walked off. He would always attack strangers in this way.

He lived a very solitary life, for none of the other chickens would associate with him: and when he did go near them, they would fight him. I suppose they thought he was too civilized.—St Nicholas.

### How Edison Took Up Electricity.

Now that you have electricity, how did you first come to enter it?"

"I will tell. It was by a peculiar incident. I was selling papers on a train running out of Detroit. The news of the great battle of Shiloh, 60,000 killed and wounded, came in one night. I knew the telegraph operator at Detroit, and I went to him and made a trade.

"I promised him Harper's Monthly and the New York Tribune regularly if he would send out little dispatches along the line and have them posted up publicly. Then I went to the Free Press and took 400 copies. That emptied my treasury. I wanted 200 more. They sent me up to the editor. It was Wilbur Storey, a dark-looking man. I managed to get up to his desk and make a strong plea. He listened, and then yelled out: 'Give this arab 200 papers.' I took 600 papers out. I wrs taken off my feet when we reached the first little station. The depot was crowded with men wanting papers. The next station it was worse and I raised the price of the paper to ten cents. At the third station there was a mob, and I sold out with papers going at twenty-five cents apiece.

"Well, do you know, that episode impressed me that telegraphy was a great thing, and I went into it. Telegraphy led to electricity."

### Discretion the Better Part of Valor.

An old friend had come from the South to pay the family a visit. At dinner he took a polite interest in Fred.

"Wouldn't you like your papa to let you go back to Florida with me and shoot alligators, Fred?" asked the gentleman.

"No, sir," was the prompt answer, "if I saw an alligator, I'd shoot in another direction."

### A Bat in the Room.

Teddy, who is in bed—Mamma, mamma, come quick; there's a bat in my room.

Mother, rushing in with a shawl on her head and a broom in her hand—Goodness gracious, child! cover your head up instantly. Where is the ugly thing? I'll try and kill it.

Teddy, enjoying sweet satisfaction—In the corner, mamma; it's my baseball bat.

### Realistic Playing.

Little Billy came in one afternoon from an assembly of the children of the neighborhood, with his clothes pierced, above and below, with a great many little holes. "For pity's sake!" exclaimed his mother, "what has happened to you?" "Oh," said Billy, "we've only been playing grocery-store, and everybody was something in it. I was the Swiss cheese!"

### A Matter of Years.

"I'm 6 and you're only 4," said Bessie loftily to her little sister Belle, and then added in a still more aggravating tone, and when I was 4 you were only 2, and when I was 9 you were nothing but dust." "Yes," retorted Belle spitefully, "and if I'd been a mud puddle I'd splashed you, so I would."—Harper's Young People.